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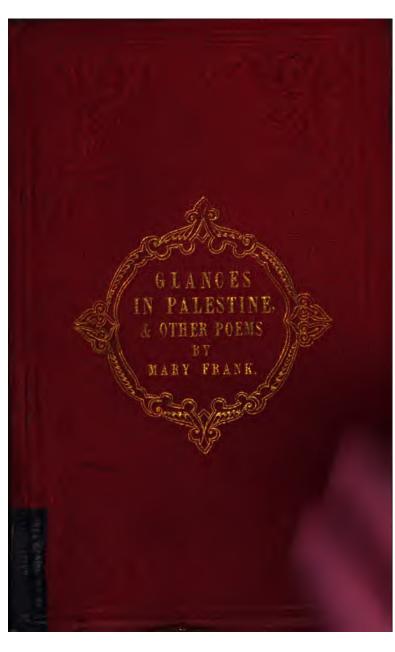
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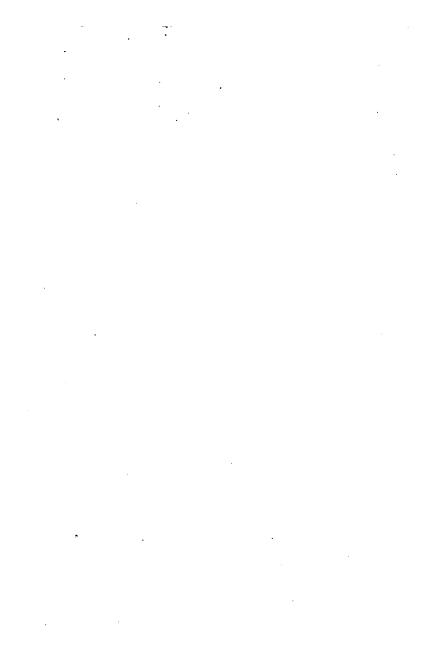
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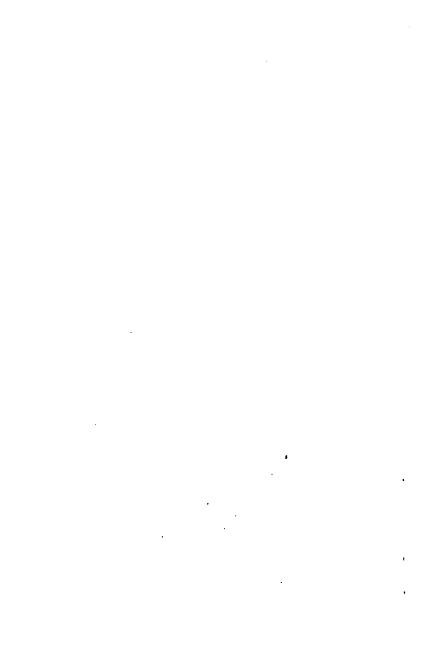
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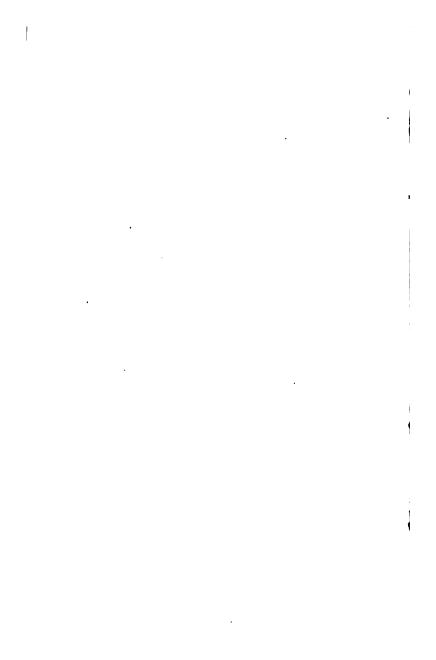








POEMS.



# GLANCES IN PALESTINE,

# And other Poems,

BEING MOSTLY VILLAGE SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

## BY MARY FRANK.

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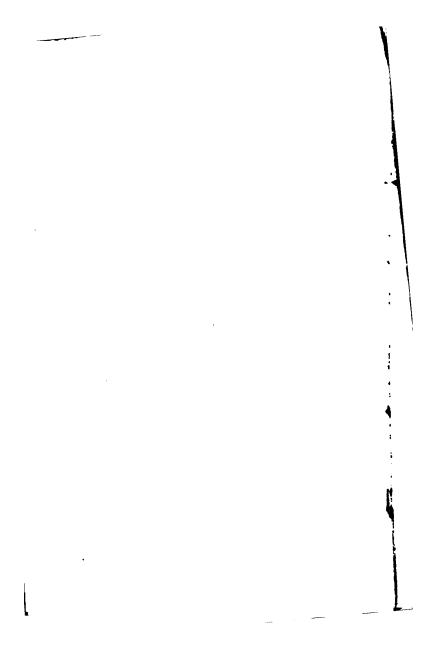


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## POEMS.

#### GLANCES IN PALESTINE.

'Min scenes where once thy footsteps, O Redeemer!
In ages past did sanctify the sod;
Where, as a homeless stranger, thou didst wander
Upon thine own earth—thou, her King and God;
Amid that promised land has thought been bounding,
By patriarchs trod, by angels' wings swept o'er,
Where, with the idol-worshippers surrounding,
Jehovah's people did His name adore.

Where stands that mountain once by Abram trod,
With him, the heir of promise—Sarah's son;
When called to prove his mighty faith in God,
With fire and wood they climbed the steep alone.
"My son, Jehovah will a lamb provide,"
Replied the patriarch to the question given.
And was it, then, in vision he descried
The day of Christ, the Lamb prepared by Heaven?

Thou "Father of the Faithful—Friend of God!"
Though long, long ages first must o'er them roll,
The scenes before thee will by Him be trod—
Here "unto death will He pour out His soul."
Whom, seen by faith, thy spirit did rejoice,
The perfect sacrifice for sinners slain.
These hills and vales have heard His sacred voice
With thy degenerate children plead in vain!

Where David fed his flock in early boyhood,

Land of his conflicts, songs, and prayers, and tears;

And there is Elah, where his stripling form stood;

And now, as when of old, that brook appears,

Whence these smooth stones at God's command were taken,

Slaying the man who had His power defied; There, many a pilgrim since his thirst has slaken, And yet its welcome waters gleam the path beside.

Oh, ploughed and ruined Zion! yet is standing
Thy hill, where once the mighty king in prayer
Spread forth his hands—when in their triumph banding,
Israel had gathered with rejoicing there.
When filled the courts the Everlasting Glory,
That there no priest could enter—owned by Him,
When, for his people's cause, the Just and Holy
Dwelt in His shrine between the Cherubim.

Yet from the rock Siloam's brook is gushing,
The same as when in palmy days of yore
Did Israel, in the time of her rejoicing,
An offering from its silent waters pour
Upon God's altar—in the memory,
When struck by Moses, from the rock they poured,
When, 'midst the Eastern desert, parched and weary,
The fainting pilgrims had their life restored.

There is that desert still—all wild and cheerless,
Through which Jehovah did His people lead
By the right way—the howling wilderness,
Himself their guide, their help in every need.
And yet, when wearied with the way, distressed,
Do his own pilgrims hear an under-tone,
A whisper breathing from the land of rest,
That tells them Canaan yet will be their own.

And when that city of their faith they near,
Their strengthened eye in vision blest may see
Short glimpses of her beauty beaming clear,
Though loud the tempest round their path may be;
And they will gain at length that promised land,
The end and crowning of the Christian's faith,
Through Him, the Joshua of the chosen band,
Who conquered all the powers of hell and death.

And Carmel stands—where, for Jehovah's name,
In zeal and power the mighty prophet stood,
Putting the worshippers of Baal to shame,
When the descending fire consumed the wood,
And dried with its celestial flame the water
And all around upon the moistened sod;
While the confounded heathen round the altar
Proclaimed "Jehovah, He, the Lord, is God!"

Where Boaz gave his reapers pious greeting;
Fields where Ruth gleaned, the traveller here may see:
How little deemed she, in her lowly seeming,
That Royal lineage from her child should be!
The Psalmist, Prophet, Israel's Shepherd King—
And, mightier far, all earthly pomp transcending,
Should "David's Son," the promised Saviour spring!
The infant born—the Son of God descending.

Yes, here thy vale, oh Bethlehem! where singing
Of angels broke the silence of the night;
First to the poor of men good tidings bringing,
Those willing envoys from the world of light.
Scenes haply where the holy Virgin wandering,
Mused on the wonders that the Lord had done;
Where in her silent spirit she was pondering
The things foretold of Him, her Lord and Son,

God of her fathers! whence such grace could be,
That thus such matchless honours should be laid—
Such favour should be shed abundantly
On her, a poor and lowly Jewish maid!
From days of old their prophets had been telling
Of Israel's hope, deliverer, yet to be;
And thoughts untold His handmaid's soul were swelling,
That this, her mystic first-born, should be He.

Where Anna, in God's temple, day and night Rejoiced, when His Messiah she beheld; Where aged Simeon told his heart's delight, When the "child Jesus" in his arms he held: Saying, "Lord, let thy servant now depart, For thy salvation have I seen, untold, The rapture kindling in my aged heart Whilst thee, thou glorious infant, I behold."

And Nazareth still amid her hills doth rest,
Hills on which once those sacred glances fell
In human childhood, with the "mother blest,"
Or roaming where the wild flowers spread the dell:
And where are seen the Eastern women, bringing
Their pitchers to the ancient fountain still,
Haply did Mary, with the "young child" clinging,
At morn or eve her vessel come to fill.

And clear the Lake of Galilee is gleaming,
Rife with its finny tribes, as when of yore
Their Saviour's accents o'er its waters breathing,
Bade to His followers that their fears be o'er:
"Tis I, be not afraid;" no, 'twas no spirit,
No dreaded phantom of the midnight wave;
But He who ruled the water, walked upon it,
"The mighty to deliver," swift to save.

Dreary and wild the way, with caverns sounding,
That leads to Jericho,—as when of old,
Beset with bandits, and with rocks surrounding—
As when the Saviour did that scene unfold,
Where the Samaritan had stood in pity,
When priest and Levite passed the stranger by.
And still the traveller through this region dreary
Hastens, lest evil should in ambush lie.

In Sheehem's valley is that well abiding,
Where, faint and weary, on His earth unknown,
Was Jesus, 'neath the noon-tide ray reclining,
When to the woman He was making known
His kingdom's grace. Awhile Samaria's daughter,
Leaving her pitcher by the patriarch's well,
Hasted, of Him who spake of "living water,"
And of the wonders she had heard, to tell.

Of Him, who midst the din of earthly toiling,
Hewing our cisterns—broken cisterns still!
Whose gracious voice from heaven to us is calling,
To "come to Him," our thirsting souls to fill.
E'en as the Heavenly Stranger, patiently
Offering to us the cup of blessing free,
Clear from the fountain of eternity,
Oh, "City of our God!" that flows in thee.

And yet remaineth sad Gethsemane,
Made sacred by that passion of His love;
The scene of all those sufferings, Calvary,
Which He for rebels, even us, did prove.
Not that amid these scenes are hearts more holy,
Nor here more glorious does thy presence shine;
Oh, our Redeemer!—in all lands the lowly
Heart of the contrite makes thy chosen shrine.

With ancient olive trees thy sod bedight,
Garden of sorrow,—some that may have stood
As silent watchers on that solemn night,
When fell those drops of anguish, even as blood,
From Him who, instant at His potent word,
Had summoned legions from His hosts on high,
With seraphim to wave the flaming sword
Around the form of His humanity.

But His appointed work of perfect love
He will fulfil—yet did He not disdain
One of those bright ones from His home above,
His anguished human nature to sustain:
To whom was that, oh, holiest mission, given?
Was it God's Gabriel—unfallen child of light?
Or one of His redeemed, who spread the pinion,
Filled with adoring love, on that portentous night?

And here that mountain where the "Man of Sorrow,"
This thy rejected Saviour stood to weep;
Oh, Israel! in His prescience seen the morrow,
That in her children's blood the earth would steep;
When o'er her temple's tops of glittering glory
The Roman banners would in mockery wave,
And Zion's glorious fanes—her walls of beauty,
The heathen foe would trample on their grave.

Oh, city warned by thy despised Redeemer,
Hastened the days of vengeance He foretold;
Strife raged within, and every evil dwelt there;
Without, the Roman army did enfold.
Her hour had come, His word that stands for ever
Had passed, and none shall now avert her doom;
"hough Titus fain her Temple would deliver,
And grieved to whelm her beauty in the tomb.

Direful and swift the omens had been gathering,
And His own followers knew the signals given,
And from the fated city had been hastening,
Guided and guarded by their Lord in heaven.
Wars, famines, earthquakes, signs, as armies flaming
In wild commotion on the evening sky;
And, of itself, the brazen portal moving;
And from unseen ones, words of mystery.

And his sad voice, that like a funeral knell
Swept ever and anon her doomed streets by,
That woe unto Jerusalem, her people,
Woe to the Temple and the priest would cry,—
"A voice against the bridegroom and the bride,"
Till stone from hostile battery descending,
As "Woe, woe also to myself," he cried,
His mournful mission with his life was ending.

E'en now, when fall the shadows of life's evening,
From distant lands do Zion's exiles come,
Amidst that soil their fathers' dust concealing
To mingle theirs within earth's latest home;
And there, where with the Moslem fabric blending
Some stones from their lost Temple yet may shine,
The aged men, with hoary locks, are bending,
To read the law, and mourn their ravished shrine.

And oft are watered by the falling tear

Those stones, while o'er them white-robed women bend;
When to their hearts will "Bethlehem's Star" appear,
As Him, in whom fulfilled, the shadows end!
Daughters of Zion! o'er the Saviour's woes
Ye in Jerusalem of yore were weeping,
Stood by His cross, at their mysterious close,
And watch, with angels, at His tomb were keeping.

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And Tabor with her visions of dalight,
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that in their works he now this words engrated.

By this own typics, speaking out of heaven.

Where ones 11st voice had called the faint and weary
'1st contents 11sts, and find their spirits' rest,
11st, who are earth dwelt 'monget the poor and needy,
11st thin its was precepts full of grace instilling,
Nhould strift and warfare from His followers cease;
'That drawn by hands of love—love their souls filling,
11st willing saptives to the "Prince of Peace."

And prophet voices were a time foretelling,
And some have deemed that near that day they see,
When Israel yet in Zion shall be dwelling,
And, with our own wild clive, grafted be:
When from the true heart's altar, holy fire
Will rise united, in one heavenly flame,
From Jaw and Contile worshippers aspire
One cloud of inconse to Immanuel's name.

#### COTTAGE SKETCH.

With its flaxen curls 'twas lying;
Scarce yet lisped God's name its tongue;
But the infant soul, in flying,
Seemed to catch the angel's song;
These beholding,
Veiled, our earth-dimmed eyes among.

None could tell—no, not her mother— What those whispered accents low; Only those, who thus might hover O'er the parting soul, could know; While, as music, Sweetly, softly, did they flow.

Upwards only thine eyes turning,
Little one! who late had strayed,
Bright and beauteous things discerning,
In thy sunny native glade;
Where the birds sing
Still, while low thy head is laid.

Where each fair limb, filled with pleasure,
'Midst the flowers she wont to roam;
Still the honey bee, in summer,
Gathers sweets about her home;
Still the brier-rose
Peeps into that cottage-room.

But we hail thee, infant spirit,
Yet untried thy fealty;
Called a kingdom to inherit,
That a Saviour won for thee!
Joined their singing,
That in death it seemed to be,
Thou didst echo
With thy lips so soothingly.

#### A TALE OF WOE.

"Hann in hand walk sin and sorrow:"
Truth so oft, so quickly told;
But, alone, the eternal morrow
Fully can its force unfold.

Tale of woe is that I sing,
Of one dying in her bloom,
Who, in sin's paths wandering,
Sank untimely to the tomb.

But no mother watched her childhood, In her cold grave she was sleeping; No loved home, in days of girlhood, Fence was round her young heart keeping.

Now she sat from morn to evening, With her infant of a day; In her weakness hoping, fearing, She had placed her babe's array. But, false hearted, never, never Will its sire his promise keep; Poor deserted, erring creature, Sorrow's harvest she must reap!

Cheery were the homes around her, (For it was the Christmas tide,) Cottage fires were blazing near her, Cold and lone did she abide.

Hope at last had died within her; As the shades of evening spread, O'er her came a fatal shiver, Earnest of her earthy bed.

Help there came, too late to save her, But before her young life ended, Christian hearts were gathered round her, Knees for her to heaven were bended.

Much she prayed that gracious Saviour, Who o'er Magdalen had cast His love's mantle, to deliver, Pardoning her transgressions past.

High the billows heaved around her, But before her pulse did cease, Came the voice of her Redeemer, 'Midst the tempest, speaking "Peace."

He whose never slumbering pity
Marks the sparrows when they fall,
Much she prayed Him, in His mercy,
To Himself her child to call.

"Bring it to my breast once more,"
Faintly thus its mother cried,
When her life was nearly o'er,
And its fount of nurture dried.

But short wail of tribulation To that hapless bube was given; Never did it feel temptation, Gathered, yet untried, to heaven.

#### TO A LITTLE GIRL

MERRILY SPORTING NEAR A ROOM WHERE HER FATHER LAY ON HIS DYING BED.

HUSH thee, child, thy sire is lying
On a bed of pain and death;
Numbered now his moments flying,
Numbered now each painful breath.

With thy gambols, earth's bright stranger!
Thou wilt break his fitful sleep;
Orphaned in a world of danger,
Thou who soon mayst "wake to weep."

Little first-born, how delighted,
Late on thee I watched bim gaze;
Every earthly prospect blighted,
Now in manhood's opening days.

Still thou sportest, all unheeding, Little one, my warning strain; From the fount of joyous feeling Breaks thy infant mirth again. Prayers from that low couch have risen
For his new-born babe and thee,
That his changeless God in heaven
May your God, your Father be.

Lambs amid the desert leaving,
Ravening wolves and tempter's snare,
His departing saints bequeathing
To the chiefest Shepherd's care.
Surely these, for succour breathing,
While "yet speaking" He will hear.

Then no boding thoughts be given, Still the flowers of hope entwine, Still rejoice, young Ward of Heaven, And thy father's God be thine.

### A VILLAGE SKETCH.

In early days, a little cot I knew,
With ancient pair; an old carved chest in view,
E'en than its mistress more antique in mould,
Contained the lozenges the grandam sold;
And cakes of gingerbread, inviting quite,
Were there, to tempt the childish appetite.
A few more years, and, crippled, on a bed
Within the door, old William laid his head;
And then, on Sabbath days, an aged friend
Was wont (with neighbours round them) to attend
To read—expounding in her simple guise—
Of holy writ, the hallowed mysteries.

I seem to see her still, that vanished scene Rises before me as it once had been-Bonnet pushed back (for this she always wore), The serious faces of those pious poor, The sweet air breathing through the open door. What though with "nasal twang," and manner odd, That tongue sincere pronounced the truths of God; Touched with the living fire, in loftier strain, That voice has mingled with the white-robed train In melody divine, in songs of praise To Him who led her all her pilgrim days; Her deafened ears unstopped, to catch the strains That float from seraph harps o'er heavenly plains. Long, too, that aged pair have passed away, The well-known cottage crumbled to decay; But unto them, Hope whispers, has been given A house "not made with hands," eternal in the heaven.

#### SKETCH FROM A WINDOW.

Where children on the village green would play, And maidens sported round the pole in May, In days of yore, a rural lane is seen, While varied groups its hedge-rows pass between. A flock of sheep, with boy and dog among, Or drove of cows move lazily along, Or children laden from the harvest field, With store that many a wholesome meal will yield. And now there passes on a matron fair, Matching the ripened corn her golden hair; While homeward bearing, with her gleaning store, A withered branch for cottage fire she bore.

Hung o'er her arm the utensils for tea, Which, underneath a hedge or shadowing tree. Seated in little groups the field around. We watched them sip upon the harvest ground. Or one whose aged limbs begin to fail, Leaning on stick; or maid with milking pail. Sometimes a troop of gipsies pass along, Baggage and beasts, with sturdy men among: And swarthy mother, with her load and child, Urchins on donkeys, 'midst the bundles piled; Or black-eyed gipsy girl, who fearlessly Rides her unbridled steed in 'kerchief gay: All moving on, towards lane retired and green, Where oft the traces of their fires are seen. Here, too, in time of annual cotter's show, Along this path I've watched them hopeful go. Swain, bearing fruit or vegetable store, Or cottage dame, with cherished plant in flower; And children, ofttimes in themselves more fair, Than the sweet groups of wild flowers that they bear.

Here, too, there weekly pass, in best array, Some aged forms, though 'tis not Sabbath day: Old "Margaret," with her stick, and apron blue; And "Prudence," nearly blind, is passing too; And care-worn "Mary," with her idiot boy, An hour of tranquil comfort to enjoy. For then their pastor (and we must commend His care for those unable to attend The service), in a cot of pious poor, Spreads forth the treasures of the Gospel store.

And one perpetual wanderer of that lane, In summer heat, or cold, or pelting rain, Whose ceaseless errands, pacing to and fro, We guess not, and perchance she does not know. A life misspent, poor 'wildered woman, thine,
And joyless, peaceless seems thy day's decline.
Yet are within her cottage walls spread o'er
With many a pictured scene from Scripture lore.
Lovely the landscape smiling round that cot,
And many a wild flower blossoms near the spot,
But there the spirit's inward peace dwells not.
Not that we point at her the hand of scorn,
Amidst neglect, and many a hardship born;
We, who feel well the seeds of every sin
By nature lurk the human heart within;
But rather ask, that He who came to save,
Bore for our sake the shame, the cross, the grave,
Would cause that blood, once shed upon the tree,
To pour its cleansing virtues e'en on thee.

And one there is oft wont this lane to ply, With stick in hand, worn face, and downcast eye; O'er all defects a kirtle does he wear, And oft a pitcher in his hand will bear The crystal water from a neighbouring spring, For use of thrifty cottager to bring; A thoughtful, lonely man, now old and poor, But in his mind there dwells a cherished store. Gathered from volumes he has loved to con, Food in his weary walks to muse upon. With scanty pittance for his pains content, From village post is he with letters sent, Amidst all weather, oft upon his back One sees, in pelting rain, an old brown sack. Apt ne'er he was, as others of his grade, To till the soil, or ply the humble trade. Late he seems weary, talks of "going home," A brighter may it prove, whene'er that change shall come.

Oft, too, along this way does postman go, His precious cargo swinging to and fro. Sometimes on morning, if he make delay 'Tis time for chat, and for the children's play, While waiting on the little garden-green, The different messengers for news are seen; The spruce man-servant from a neighbouring seat Of gentry, sealed case round his shoulder neat; Old man with stick, and children, too, are sent From home, or neighbours, on their letters bent. Some lean in parley 'gainst the hedge, some lie On grass, with portly dog reposing nigh; With youngsters well content at the delay, Holding meantime a merry game of play; And patiently poor Bob, with pensive eye, Watches the road, waiting his task to ply, Basket in hand, 'midst hamlets round that lie.

Close by the lane a cot in garden stands, Built in time past by honest cotter's hands; Active, industrious he, in days of yore, Now feebly tottering near his cottage door; And more by sickness than by age laid by, Seems subject fit for willing charity. Within their garden stands an oft-plied well, But this a mournful history can tell.

A pretty child, the last, the cherished one,
Too near its unclosed brink was wont to run,
And there in fatal hour its little course was done.
Not dim her image, mother! through long years,
Deep impressed on thy heart in burning tears.
Yet short the sorrow to thy darling given,
One dark, dread moment, to awake in heaven!
Scattered their numerous family, and gone;
Some, to their grief, the soldier's garb put on;
Through many a snare their living children roam,
This, this is sheltered in their long-sought home.

Beyond, a field of emerald hue is seen, With cattle grazing 'neath a wood's dark green; And still, in farther distance, Banwell tower And hill appear, where caverned tribes of yore, Deep hid for ages, meet the curious eve, The bony relics of a world gone by. Towards its left a lengthened hill we view. Spread o'er its woods, fields, cots, how many a varied hue! Sometimes so deep a purple o'er it thrown, As 'twere funereal pomps were passing on; Anon a bright or misty veil is spread, Or sunbeams make bright spots, in fitful weather shed. Beneath it, oft 'mid clouds of matchless hue, We watch the setting sun retire from view, And rising up the bounding hills between, Crook's peak, oft clad in clouded cap, is seen. Now where by hill or vale may turn the eye, Are reapers, gleaners, where the rich sheaves lie, While ever and anon a loaded wain moves by.

And turning round towards the right to gaze, We see the Channel clear, or wrapt in haze; Beyond it, stretching in the distance blue, The Cambrian fields and mountains meet the view. That distant sea-one, soon its depths to try, I marked one eve behold with pensive eye; As silent seated on a neighbouring stone, That and the landscape round he gazed upon. Alas! (I thought) what though with right good will He seems to part, in stranger lands to till; And though he deem the rich and untaxed soil Will well repay his own, his children's toil— Yet, oh! this harvest! scenes so well he knew, His country's harvest-last his eyes will view— Fields where his hands had laboured oft before. A few short days, and he can see no more.

The old church bells—these send a merry peal
(In marriage fête—or toll at funeral.
In years by-gone, upon a summer day,
The villagers, bedecked in best array,
I saw thick scattered round upon the green.
A pretty sight!—The old with crutch were seen;
Mother with laughing babe, and maiden fair,
All met expectant round the old walls there;
The old grey walls—and here it may be said,
'Tis told six centuries have o'er them sped,
And well nigh o'er the yew, whose boughs so widely
spread.

It was a bridal group that entered there;
I saw the young bride, with her white robe fair
Floating around her, while with simple grace
The snowy veil fell softly o'er her face;
Amid her bridemaids light she stepped among
The flowers that village girls strewed all her path along;
A few, few years, and she has passed from earth,
Victim of sorrow—sorrow, sin's twin birth.

And late we heard at eve a solemn knell,
When aged "Sarah" bade to earth farewell.
One of those poor the Saviour deigns to own,
"Heir of the kingdom," and a heavenly crown.
Her Father's earth, around her cot, how fair!
But sin and sorrow both she knew were there;
And many a conflict hard within her breast
Had made her spirit pant for heaven's own rest.
Past now the hours of feverish mortal strife,
She drinks the crystal fount of everlasting life;
And where yon spreading yew its shadow throws,
In peace, "in hope," her mouldering limbs repose.

Nearer, there stands a lowlier house of prayer, Whence songs have oft times filled the Sabbath air: Worship ye all in peace! indeed would I That Christians kept the bonds of charity: Their Lord, their faith, their cleansing stream the same, One "hope of glory," and one heaven their aim; By different paths, yet towards one city bound, Cheering, not dooming, should their voice be found; Waiting, with "never-failing charity," The perfect day in perfect light to see. Surely the true heart's offering may aspire Amidst the music of cathedral choir-May rise 'midst silence-or its incense come With simple accents from a cottage room. Yet deem we pompous rites unmeet for Him, Their glittering tinsel in His sight how dim, Who on His own earth chose a station low. With simplest form the holiest life to show. From the fallen earth there rises up one cry Of "need for aid," to Him who dwells on high; One "cry" from suffering humanity, One "need" of "Jesus," slain on Calvary!

# THOUGHTS AT THE BURIAL OF A LITTLE CHILD.

Though o'er its grave no holy words are said, Since no baptismal water o'er it spread; Peace! mourning parents, to your babe untried, What can it harm? for her a Saviour died. When some o'er whom the ritual hath been said, Awake to everlasting shame and dread, Thrice happy babe, thy rest no terrors break, When that last trumpet shall creation shake. One painful moment, on that summer day, When in the fatal pool it dying lay;

ties the bank, with wild flowers spangled o'er, hier baby fingers to allure no more.
There, mother, turn thee from this earthly clod, to where thy parted cherub worships God.

#### A COTTAGE SKETCH.

#### PART I.

Ir was within a cottage home
The Christmas fire blazed bright,
With holly boughs, that humble room,
And mistletoe, bedight:

When, feebly, from his chamber by, The wasted sire drew near; "Tis my last Christmas," (mournfully He cried,) "I would be here."

And heavy on the mother's heart
The shadowing sorrow lay;
But cloud of boding soon will part
In childhood's festive day.

Yes, 'tis his last on earth; disease
Had done the work of time;
The husband's, father's labours cease,
In manhood's hour of prime.

Oh Thou, whose birth we celebrate, Thy mission, peace and love; To homes the grave will desolate, Send forth thy Holy Dove.

Thou, who a watch with us hast kept,

To sympathise, to save,

'ho wept on earth with those who wept,

Beside a brother's grave.

Thyself wert once a mourner here, Speak as thou spaked'st then, Even to faith's awakened ear, Our dead "shall rise again."

#### PART II.

Twas in a sunny spring he died, When earth was smiling round, When primrose, violet, bloomed beside His little garden ground.

And his soul's conflict had been long, And shed was many a tear, For earthly bands were binding strong, Within was mortal fear,—

"Till He, who on the stormy lake Once bade the tempest cease, Again that word of mercy spake, Yet once again spake "Peace."

And while his Saviour's voice dispelled
The cloud of inward gloom,
(By his anointed eyes beheld,)
A glory filled the room.

Nor will the Christian disregard Who sure believes there be Unfathomed means that wait His word, In God's great treasury:

That when He wills, to outward gaze,
In condescending love,
He can confirm the inward grace,
Received from Him above:

Quicken sometimes their mortal ear, To catch the strains that come, That God's departing saints may hear The music of their home: Tremfort breathe, as, when alone,
Percet of husband, child,
That negro mother poured her moan
Anod the Afric wild—

And melt, and looked towards the sky, And from a Friend unknown, "Year down the healing sympathy, "Yill, when the Gospel's tone,

heard with joy in after years
Her Saviour's gracious name,
he knew whose hand had wiped her tears,
And cried, "'Tis He, the same."

#### THE EXILE.

Under a palm-tree's grateful shade, Beneath a tropic sky, A faded English girl was laid, And this her mournful cry:

"Ah! would that I could feel again!"
This, fancy brought to me
(Nor far from truth I deem her strain)
With moanings of the sea.

"Ah! would the breeze I felt again,
From that dear native hill,
Methinks 'twould cool each feverish vein,
And life would linger still.

<sup>\*</sup> See "The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin."

- "I dreamed I saw the old church-tower, The knoll that rose behind, With yellow furze-flowers covered o'er, As when 'twas left behind.
- "My mother's voice I heard again, My little sister played, The roses twined our lattice pane, And round the cattle strayed.
- "I went, as I was wont, to fill My pitcher at the stream; The waters of that purling rill, How brightly did they gleam.
- "I raised it to my lips, but then
  I woke, with start and pain,
  All vanished was the hill, the glen,
  Ah! might I dream again."

Poor girl, whom I have marked of yore, Lovely as opening flower, When she has passed beside our door, Bearing her dairy store.

Would she had, as her mother, wed One of her own degree, With whom in childhood she had played Beneath their cottage tree.

Ah! was it love, or vanity
That lured that girlish heart,
A bride bedecked in rich array,
From home and friends to part?

Her grave from her kindred's graves will the surge Dissever, and ocean's foam? With the wandering winds to wail her dirge Around her childhood's home.

## VILLAGE SKETCH.

THE "BEE SWARMING."

BRIGHTLY beamed a summer morning, Round you little vine-clad home, When the bees were giving warning That their "swarming time" was come.

Yes, hung o'er with vine and roses, Corchorus blossoms mingle all, And their shadow soft reposes On the door and sunny wall.

Round the cot reigns "sweet confusion,"
Pasture rich the bees find there,
Summer flowers, in wild profusion,
Shed their perfume on the air.

In the wrecks of vessels various,
Bright geraniums may be seen;
There Japonica, midst numerous
Pot herbs—here, thorn-apple green

In its deadly beauty—here, too, Beds of cucumbers and peas; And, against the sky's deep blue, Cherry, plum, and apple trees. 'Tis (if one may so express it)
Quite a Paradise pell-mell;
Vegetable, fruit, and flow'ret,
Seem as if by chance they fell.

Much in peace the swallows twitter,
'Neath the thatch their nests are hung;
In the pleasant days of summer
Here they build and feed their young.

In the harvest, Molly hieing
Home is seen, with gleaning store;
Then (if damp) you see it drying
In the sun before their door.

'Midst the lilies red and white, Hollyhocks, too, a stately band, Fuchsias, rosemary, in sight, Tranquilly the bee-hives stand.

Now (bees' swarming), stood a neighbour, Tinkling on old frying pan; For (it may be told in whisper) Tommy was no valiant man.

'Neath his wife's old bonnet, he Peeringly cast forth an eye; For he greatly feared lest bee Might too near his visage pry.

Lighted on a gooseberry tree,
Quick a cloth was o'er them thrown;
To the hive, at eve, pushed gently,
Glad they made the prize their own.

#### " PEACE."

ONCE again the strife is ended, And the sword's destructions cease; On the breezes of the Sabbath Come the blessed tidings, "Peace."

While the notes of joy are ringing, Yet there comes an under-tone, As of dirges, 'mid the gladness— Wail for husband, father, son.

Those no voices will awaken,
"Till the final trumpet's sound,
In their strange, uncoffined burial,
Heaped beneath the gory ground.

Little children, who will never Climb again a father's knees; Widowed brides, and heart-struck mothers, Blend their wailing with that breeze.

Comes it from the halls of splendour;
O'er the sea wave does it come;
Ice-bound plains, and sunny vineyards,
And from many an English home.

Live we beneath Sinai's thunders, Or His Gospel's grace who trod Once below, a Saviour, Healer, Perfect Teacher, sent from God—

That with life-blood of immortals
Yet His earth is crimsoned o'er?
Take thy sceptre, "King of Salem,"
Let thy kingdom come with power.

# THOUGHTS AT THE FUNERAL OF TWO INFANTS.

Go to your parents' rest,

Fair, cherished little ones! death's conflict o'er,

Near your young mother's breast,

Where earth's rude tempests can disturb no more.

The grass has not yet grown
Since your last parent's lifeless form was laid;
A few brief days have flown,
And ye with them your dwelling-place have made.

Say, did ye hear them call?
That thus so quickly life's slight bands were riven;
Did their new bridal song your souls enthral,
When they embraced in heaven?

But 'tis enough to know
That ye are blest, for ever, ever blest;
Spared our long strife of woe,
That ye have entered Canaan's purchased rest.

"Tis Spring; the air is balm,
The new-born season doth its influence shed;
Around is Sabbath calm,
While ye are laid within your earthy bed.

Dust to its kindred dust,
The loved and lovely moulder in this tomb;
Yet Christian faith and trust
Behold them living in immortal bloom.

#### FRIENDSHIP'S PLEA.

From "Chants Chrêtiens."

Lone time all solitary, day by day,

The path that leads to happiness I tread;
No heart to mine responding when I pray,
Still all alone are my petitions spread.
Yet not complete my loneliness, since thou,
My Saviour and my only hope, art nigh,
This desolation of thy child to know,
And Jesus mourns with him in sympathy.

But if no longer for myself I fear,

If I have found a refuge sure in faith,

How can I think without the groan, the tear,

Of many a friend who treads the road to death?

On them, O Sun of Righteousness! arise,

And in thy heaven do thou their names record;

Display, at length, thy glory to their eyes,

And be within their hearts thy work accomplished, Lord.

#### THE EVENING STAR.

While now thy orb is shining bright,
Amid the deep blue heaven,
I fancy thee a world of light,
Thou lovely Star of Even!
With sinless creatures ranging free,
Rejoicing in their God and thee.

Unfallen! unfallen! oh, blessed sound!
No treachery lurks in thee;
No slaughter stains thy emerald ground,
No tears of agony.
No moans thy mountain echoes bear,
No sighings fill thy balmy air.

Say, from your amaranthine bowers
Of pure untainted bliss,
Look ye on such a world as ours
With angel's tenderness?
Where woe ne'er entered, does the tear
Of pity flow for mourners here?

While, as in Eden's early prime,
Ere sin had entered there,
In holy communing sublime
Ye walk, and through the air
Float strains of harmony and love,
Responding to the choirs above.

But yet, oh, earth! was paid a price,
Fallen, abject, though thou be,
A wondrous, matchless sacrifice,
Of perfect love for thee;
And when they gain the heavenly shore,
Thy ransomed children weep no more.

## A CONTRAST.

In yonder chariot, rolling by,
See beauty with her sparkling eye,
Bedecked in jewels rare.
The bridal wreath is on her now,
And fairest flowers surround her brow,
And twine her silken hair.

Turn now; behold that pallid form,
Shrinking beneath the driving storm,
With sickness, famine, pressed;
No joyous morn on her has smiled,
Chill penury's deserted child,
A stranger, lone, distressed.

See how she turns imploringly
Towards the passing pageantry!
Go, hide thee quick away:
Beauty, and pomp, and gaiety,
Have neither eye nor ear for thee,
Poor child of misery!

Now change the scene; that wretch has cast
Aside her mortal vest, and past
Are all her days of strife;
For she had in her sorrows sought
That Saviour who her ransom bought,
And won eternal life.

Where are her pains and weeping now?
Behold, on that immortal brow,
The crown of glory given.
To all who shelter in that rock,
The covert from the tempest's shock,
The ransomed heirs of heaven.

Hark! how her grateful song doth sound
The heavenly Zion's hills around,
The praises of her King!
While 'neath her footsteps fairer flowers
Than ever bloomed in Eden's bowers,
As if enraptured, spring.

No need of sunbeam there; a ray,
That maketh heaven eternal day,
Spreads from the rainbow'd throne,
Where He, who reigns for evermore,
O'er all the land of love doth pour
A glory like His own.

Now dazzled by that vision clear,
How dim earth's brightest things appear,
Her tears a moment seem;
How poor her jewelled beauty's brow,
How harsh her music soundeth now,
And all a fleeting dream.

# "GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

"GIVE us this day our daily bread,"
Thy succour, to sustain
'Mid work we do, 'mid ills we dread,
Temptation, toil, or pain.

Thy never-slumbering eye
Doth pierce the future's pall,
Thy prescience can their needs descry
Before the moments fall.

But thou hast bade thy children pray Before Thine aid is given; The path of prayer, the golden way, Between our souls and heaven.

Our wants, in our Redeemer's name, In filial trust we spread; "Our Father," grant the aid we claim, "This day our daily bread."

# INNOCENCE ACCUSED.

From the Italian of Metastasio.

ALTHOUGH a passing cloudlet pale
The splendour of the noon-tide ray,
Yet utterly it does not veil
The light of day.

The streamlet's rippling waters spread,
To cover o'er the sands may seem,
But yet reveals its weedy bed,
The crystal stream.

# From the Italian of Petrarch.

Or itself a lamp declining,
Brightest its departing ray;
To the last in beauty shining,
Passed content her soul away.

While, as virgin snow descending Noiseless on a lovely hill, Death was with her life-tints blending, As one weary, frail, and still.

Calm she rested, yet a smiling
Lighted up her gentle brow;
Every thought of death beguiling,
Though the soul had parted now.

# From the Same.

LITTLE songster, flitting o'er me,
Mourning in thy melody;
Night and winter stealing round thee,
Past thy summer holiday:

If my bosom's bitter woe,
As thy own, thou might'st but see,
In my lap reclining low,
Thou wouldst sympathise with me.

Still unequal were our sorrow,
Yet thy love on earth may dwell;
Never can restore the morrow
Her that Heaven has prized too well.

But the hour, and fading time, Memory's whispers, sad and dear, Bid me blend my griefs with thine, Mingling with thy song my tear.

# THE DYING CHILD,

#### SUGGESTED BY HIS OWN WORDS.

"On let me go where angels go,"
Where skies are ever clear,
Where storms and tempests do not blow;
Farewell! my mother dear.

Oh let me go; there all is bright; God's love does always shine; There sickness nevermore will blight, Nor pain again be mine.

Oh let me go where angels sing Their songs of heavenly joy; There, mother, grief can never wring Thy feeble little boy.

Ah, weep not so, my mother dear, My languid eyes to see; Thy dying child feels not a fear; He only grieves for thee. Thy tears my struggling soul detain; I cannot bear thy woe: From all my weariness and pain Oh let me, let me go.

To me in early youth 'tis given From this sad world to fly; To spend eternity in heaven, Thy Willy now must die.

That Saviour how I long to see
Who bade the children come;
He speaks the same kind word to me,
And calls me to His home.

"Oh let me go where angels go,"
Where all is bright and clear,
Where storms and tempests never blow:
Farewell! my mother dear.

#### LINES

SUGGESTED BY A CIRCUMSTANCE RELATED IN THE JOURNAL OF A PIOUS MOTHER.

Scene on earth so rarely given,
Thee does thought delight to trace,
As a vestibule of heaven,
Sacred to the God of grace:

Offering the first-born stranger,
In His name by mutual prayers,
Whose first cradle was a manger,
To their fathers' God and theirs.

From the beatific vision

May that mother bend her eye,

Where the children God had given

Still 'mid earth's allurements lie.

As an unseen watch from heaven, Missioned by the King of kings, To his handmaid may be given, Still to tend their wanderings.

Yes, we deem the blest departed,
Who have won the victor's wreath,
Sometimes hover, angel-hearted,
O'er the battle-field beneath.

In the conflict of temptation,
In the hour of sorrow's night,
Near, to whisper consolation,
Near, to strengthen in the fight.

He, whose covenant abideth Sure, we know, doth vigils keep, With an ear that never tireth, With an eye that doth not sleep.

# ON LUKE XVI. 9.

God of grace and God of nature, Surely were Thy gifts bestowed, (Though by erring man perverted,) For his own, his fellows' good. Not as clogs the vessel bearing Down into destruction's sea, No;—as gales propitious, wafting To the port where we would be.

Not the heart's supreme affection To uncertain riches given; Their possessors moderate, lowly, Faithful almoners of heaven.

Making friends, of whom the Saviour
"These are with you ever" said,
Ignorant, and poor, and wretched,
Waiting to be taught and fed.

All returned, in clouds of blessing,
For the gracious aids bestowed,
From the burdened, from the stricken,
Helped along their thorny road.

From the outcast little children, Rescued from destruction's flood; From the heathen, brought from idols To adore the living God.

And, when all below is ended, Some of these, redeemed, may come, First to welcome at the portal Of the everlasting home.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Fear not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."— Matt. x. 31.

Drn we not know, O God, in thy creation,
Things too minute for unassisted eye
Bear of thy skill divine and care impression,
As do these mighty orbs that roll the sky;

Had not Christ's lips declared, that unregarded (Lips that erred not) a sparrow does not fall, Yea, that the hairs upon our head are numbered, Then would thy majesty our souls appal; We had not ventured in our needs to call, To come to Thee with wants, and cares, and fears, Never confided unto mortal ears, Father who art in heaven, and Lord of all. Still in His name, thy own anointed One, Our Mediator at the eternal throne.

### THE MESSAGE OF PEACE.

#### A MISSIONARY SCENE IN AFRICA.

"ARE ye men of peace?" the cry
Of an Afric chief, whose band
Stood awaiting the reply,
Javelin in each sable hand.

Yes: no war-notes these are bringing; Soon the calm and gladdened air Vibrates to the sound of singing, And the Christian's voice in prayer.

Servants to the King of Salem,
First amidst that desert then,
Publishing the angels' anthem,
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

But how oft 'mid heathen nations,
Those who bear Immanuel's name,
By their wrongs and devastations,
Put Him to an open shame.

But, speed onward, men of mercy, In the path your Saviour trod, Self-denying, meek and lowly, As the witnesses for God.

Still obey His last commission,
Till our bleeding earth again,
Smiling in her first elysian,
Echoes through her vales the strain
Of thy heralds, and thou, Jesus, com'st to reign.

### STANZAS.

THE landscape smiled in loveliness, All radiant in its vernal glow, Breathing of love and happiness, Even as Paradise below.

But o'er the scene, enrapt in grief, A mourner cast an aching eye; Its beauty could not bring relief, It only mocked his agony.

Sweet Nature! thou art "passing fair,"
But in thee dwelleth not the power
To save thy votary from despair
In dark affliction's trying hour.

'Tis only in the realm of grace
Is found the balm to heal the heart,—
The light from a Redeemer's face
Can peace to stricken souls impart.

Enter that dwelling-place of gloom;
Within is heard the voice of prayer;
For faith, that triumphs o'er the tomb,
Has made her glorious dwelling there.

Within, upon a wretched bed, Stretched on the cold, damp ground, A dying Christian bows her head, An heir of heaven is found.

But the sure peace of one forgiven Rests on that pallid brow, And radiance from unfolding heaven Has chased the shadows now.

Ah! let the infidel forbear,
And e'en in mercy stay,
Nor hope's last fadeless garland tear
From sorrow's brow away.

Nor dim the living stream of faith
With doubt's polluted wave,
That faith which takes the "sting" from death,
The "victory" from the grave.

Pardon our trespasses, O Lord,
Each moment that we live;
Our sins of thought, of deed, of word,
Even as we forgive.

As we forgive! Alas! we know,
Unless thy grace impart
The power, no might of ours can bow
The haughty human heart.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."

Give us His Spirit who hath borne
For us the cross, the shame,
Who meekly took reproach and scorn
From those for whom He came.

Jesus, for whom thy blood was shed,
Thou pleadest now in heaven;
So with thy love our hearts o'erspread,
That we may be forgiven.

### THOUGHTS

CONNECTED WITH HIGHBURY CHAPEL, BRISTOL.

WHILE now, amid these trees, are falling Sunbeams on a house of prayer, Whence the voice of praise is rising From the Sabbath worshipper; Whispers from the shades of distance Tell of scenes that once were there.

Ah! what bitter lamentation,
Burning words of grief and shame,
From the death-doomed, brought to suffer,
Once upon the breezes came;
For their crimes, or deep or lighter,
Left to infamy their name.

Here, too, in the past, the holy
Martyr's flame arose to heaven;
Mortal anguish, faith's rejoicing,
To the eternal throne have risen.
Known to thee their dust, O Father!
When unto the winds 'twas given.

Do we not behold the dawning
Of a holier, brighter day,
As the sunbeams of this morning
Chased the mists of night away?
Star of Jesus! higher, higher,
Rise to shed thy healing ray.

Written after Reading a Poem by the late ELIZA SOUTHALL, in early life, on the words, "What profit hath a man of all his labour that he taketh under the sun?"

GENTLE minstrel, called so early, Scarce the "bridal wreath grown pale," To behold the world of glory, Worshipper within the vale.

Thou didst yearn for rest, perfection Found not in this world of ours, Since the blight of sin in Eden Threw a shadow o'er its flowers.

Working ever, onward, upward, Moves the intellectual soul; Warfare, warfare, still the watchword, Till the Christian reach the goal.

Though there be to whom are given Gleams of that immortal life, In His love who gladdeneth heaven, Resting 'mid this scene of strife.

With earth smiling, favoured maiden!
Thou didst need that rest in Him,
How much, then, the heavy-laden,
Made through tears its prospects dim.

Sung thy harvest-home in heaven, Ere the noon thy labour's o'er, Where God is the temple, given Ever, ever to adore.

#### EMILY RUSSEL.

"Now the Lord be praised," she said, "For my prayer is answerèd." Christian mother! well might she Joy, her child in heaven was free,-Rescued from a life of shame, To reproach her Saviour's name, Who had early, by His grace, Led her heart to seek His face; Or, if firm her faith remain, Haply would those limbs sustain All a martyr's torturing pain. Yet 'twas hard her cherished flower Perished in its morning hour, Broken-hearted, in distress, Drooping 'midst the wilderness, No loved friend her couch beside, Soothing, blessing, ere she died. Hapless mothers! doomed to rear Offspring for the spoiler's hand; Trembling more their hearts in fear, When in beauty they expand,-Fitter for the trader's gold, Sold, their bodies, spirits, sold, Souls of priceless worth untold. None for thee the ransom paid, Oh, too lovely slave-born maid,

<sup>\*</sup> See " Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin."

But He, once Himself who gave, Interposed His hand to save, Took the lamb within His arms, Bore her from all mortal harms, From temptation's coming hour, Shame or pain, unhallowed power.

Oh, by every bitter token, Human hearts debased or broken. By that Saviour's gracious name They have put to open shame, Who with chains and scourges gory. Him for Lord and Master claim; By the works of love He wrought, By the precepts that He taught, England (her past sin confessing), O'er the ocean calls on thee, Kindred nation! rich in blessing, Welcome refuge for the free, That where'er thy flag ascending, Star-striped flag, in Heaven's air bending, Over forest, prairie, river, There no slave shall tread for ever.

# CHRISTMAS MORNING.

List! the strain we heard in childhood,— Infant voices yet again, Hymn His birth the holy angels Sung on Bethlehem's star-lit plain.

Little, gladsome, thoughtless creatures, Heeding not of what they tell; Still the sacred truth abideth,— "Jesus came on earth to dwell." Yes, and some of these in after Years may prove the Saviour's grace, Stricken wanderers, midst a desert, Find in Him a resting-place.

Jesus! healer of earth's sorrows,
Though the unbeliever scorn,
We will hold thee till the shadows
Flee before the eternal morn.

Through the thorny desert passing, Until Calvary's last distress, Thou didst leave the prints of mercy, For Thy followers' feet to press.

Spirit of all-suffering kindness, Breathing in thy Gospel's page, Through the painful, glorious watches, Of that earthly pilgrimage;

Thou who didst the perfect pattern
Ever to thy followers prove,
Teach our hearts, and teach the nations,
That thy sweetest name is "Love."

# ON THE DEATH OF SYLVANUS FOX.

YES, meet—how meet it seemed for one like thee,
That just arisen from the bended knee,
The unexpected summons should be given,
And prayer on earth be changed for praise in heaven.
Oh, well remembered from my childhood's day,
With her the loved companion of thy way,
For whom the message had been sent before,
To cross that flood that bounds the eternal shore.

Together, ere time dimmed the eye of youth,
Nobly they stood for Jesus and His truth;
His precepts, in their daily lives inwrought,
Proved their own souls knew well those truths they taught.
Ready with hand to aid, with tongue to bless,
To cheer the drooping 'midst the wilderness;
In fulness of the Gospel grace bestowed,
Dispensing to the travellers on the road;
Their path, o'er which the light of Calvary shone,
Will beam for memory still to rest upon.
Ye, the day's burden and its heat who bore,
Welcome an earlier evening's closing hour;
Welcome the promised rest, the palm-branch given
By Him, your "Sun and Shield," on earth, in heaven.

#### THE PRIMROSE

BLOOMING UNDER A TOWN WINDOW, AND THE DYING GIRL.

In the copse-wood, 'neath the hedge-rows,
With thy sweet companions near,
Oft I've seen thee, pleasant flow'ret;
Never was thy sight so welcome,
As beneath my window here.

Thus, when greater gifts are failing, Small find value in our eyes; One friend left, 'midst desolation, Near us still, where all is dreary, Higher far our bosoms prize.

Eyes, whose earnest, pensive glances Soon will close on all things here, In their bright, but fitful radiance, Watch thy pale unfolding blossoms, From a chamber-lattice near. Whisper, undisturbing teacher,
Whisper of that Father's love,
Who has clothed the earth with beauty;
Sending flowers as "smiles" to cheer us,
Journeying to the home above.

Breathe of Him, who once His emblems
Borrowed from the field-flowers fair,
Blooming in the vales of Canaan,
When He walked on earth a stranger,
Did our griefs, our sorrows bear.

Types that are so oft repeated,
Of our transient, human bloom—
Flowers, that grace the bridal altar—
Flowers, that blossom for a tomb;
Deathless spirit!
Faith, for thee, can light its gloom.

# A SCENE IN WALES, ON "FLOWER (OR PALM) SUNDAY."

They have come o'er breezy mountains, On this Sabbath morn in spring; By the mossy dells and fountains, Their sweet offerings to bring.

They have culled the opening flowers,
In the freshness of their bloom,
They have called them from their bowers,
To shed beauty o'er the tomb.

To the shrine of faithful memory,
To the shrine of buried love,
Do they haste, as they are wont, to-day,
Their allegiance to prove.

As they scatter them, some faces
Are with anguish overspread,
And the sod is bearing traces
Of the newly-buried dead.

With the snowdrop and the violet
Is you infant grave bestrewn;
With a mother's tears their leaves are wet,
For her first-born little one.

Does she seem to hear it call her From its holy home above? Does its voice come floating on her ear With a strain of infant love?

And, those rosy merry creatures,
What a lull is on their mirth,
As their wild flowers each one scatters
On their brother's bed of earth!

And yonder is a woman,
Who would show her constant truth;
With sweet flowers his grave is laden,
The betrothed one of her youth:

Faithful hearted, who reposes
Underneath the willow there,
Where in summer bloom the roses,
And the lily blossoms fair.

But, on her mild brow beaming, Resignation's calm is seen; Time has soothed her bitter feeling, And religion gilds the scene.

And yon tottering one, who sadly
Leans his head upon his breast,
Oh! he seems to say, how gladly
Would he share his partner's rest.

As with different shades of feeling
Each an offering supplies,
O'er the heart the thought is stealing,—
How will these slumberers rise?

Will they rise to joy or sorrow?

But this only known will be,

When on us shall dawn a morrow

With thy light, eternity.

## DYING EVA.

"Drawing nearer," angels whisper,
While their midnight watch they keep,
While they fan, with noiseless pinions,
Dying Eva's fitful sleep.

Nearer to the "golden pavement," Nearer to the "glassen sea," That, in burning clouds of sunset, Her young fancy's eye could see.

Thin the veil, that is dividing
Such from "spirits bright" who come,
Speaking, as in dreams of slumber,
Of their high and holy home.

Eva, type of children blessèd, Flowers of beauty, beams of love, Hovering round our path a moment, Then recalled to worlds above.

Purchase of a Saviour's passion,
Yet their childhood's faith undim,
Yet by mists of earth unclouded,
Summoned to abide with Him.

She has heard the angel's call,

The mysterious "trumpet" warning,—
Enters on the world of glory,

While on earth descends the morning.

# THE OLD NEGRO WOMAN IN THE MEETING IN "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

Yes, a mighty thing this glory,—
Aged captive, sure for thee;
Wonderful, 'midst shadows round thee,
Must that visioned glory be.

As it were, with bundle ready,
Waiting for the "stage" to come,
Listening, listening for the convoy
That shall bear her spirit home;

Home, whence none can ever tear her; Home, with love and freedom blest, Where no voice of an oppressor Breaks the eternal Sabbath rest.

In the hours of midnight watching, Sometimes does she seem to hear, As the welcome sound approaching, Of the angel charioteer.

Yet a little while he lingers,
Once the appointed signal given,
Then will be transformed those fingers,
Fitted for the harps of heaven.

Her song with archangels' blended, Will those blush to own her then, Who have scarcely condescended Her to place 'midst fellow-menThough before one Saviour bending?
Nay, if shame in heaven could be,
Sure it might for such offending,
Jesus, those redeemed by thee!

## "UNCLE TOM'S" DREAM.

HE saw in sleep departed Eva, bending
Over the holy book she loved below;
And heard her voice, as 'twere with music blending,
Speak God's own promise in His people's woe:

"Lo! when the raging billows rise around thee, When thou art compassed by the heaving flood, Fear not, nor shall the flery flame consume thee, For I am thy Redeemer and thy God."

And then she lifted up her eyes in pity
On him, as she was wont in days of yore,
Then soared on pinions bright with heavenly glory,
That scattered golden light on tree and flower.

And it gave comfort, as the young immortal, In work of mercy that she loved below, Left (he believed) the everlasting portal, To minister this cordial in his woe.

Do they not minister—the ransomed dead— Unseen and silent, in the soul's distress; Outpouring balm upon the drooping head Of those they left amid the wilderness?

Some friend beloved, whose race was early run, Or tender parent, anchored on heaven's shore; Or, it may be, a cherished little one, Sooths now that bosom where it clung before. Near to enfold them in the "embrace of soul,"—
Their white robes shedding undisturbing light;
Near, when temptation's billows round them roll,
Missioned by God, to strengthen in the fight.

#### LINES

Suggested by the Death of a young Friend, Six Weeks after Marriage.

From their child beloved, when they Parted on her marriage-day,
Deemed her parents, then, those eyes
Never more on them would rise?
Next, to view that young form bowed—
For the bridal vest, a shroud!
Scarcely then, if tear did start,
Would it be from saddened heart,
(Unless God a presage gave,
Some foreshadowing of the grave;)
When she left, a trusting bride,
Her heart's chosen by her side.

But to them was witness given
They had "trained a child for heaven."
Surer pillow hers, more blest
Than the tenderest mortal breast,
When she did "in Jesus rest."
Over all, the waves to still,
"Twas her Father's perfect will;
His, to whose omniscient eyes
All the future open lies.

Though to us His paths be dim, Fall His children without Him, When He hears the raven's call, Marks the lowly sparrow's fall?

No, nor would they to the strife Call her back, of happiest life. Many a snare beside the way, Bowers of rest, that tempt delay; Many a thorn upon the road Lingering pilgrims pass to God; Over all the dangerous ground, She was at the "river" found; Nor could Beulah's land detain, Swift the soul her rest would gain.

Oh, with all youth's pulses glowing, With the future brightly showing; When was twining every tie, When it seems 'twere hard to die; Oft, as in especial pity, God has such a vista given Of Himself and of His glory, Shadowing all things out of heaven—Such grace hers, such light from God Shed its beams o'er Jordan's flood.

# FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME DE STAËL. See "Corinne."

WHEN, God's designs fulfilled, a soul is nearing The confines of the spirit-land unknown, An inward music seems she to be hearing, For the death-angel a preparing tone: Dismantling all his terrors, clad in white Appear his wings, though round him is the night. But thick about her gather omens warning, In moaning winds she seems to hear his call; In glowing noon, or in the radiant morning, She sees a cloud that soon will shadow all. Unseen by other eyes, in hour of evening, When all around the lengthening shadows fall, She sees the foldings of his floating train In silence resting upon mount or plain.

### "THY KINGDOM COME."

"Thy kingdom come," thy Holy Dove Upon our hearts descend; Till to thy sweetest name of "Love" Our rebel natures bend.

"Thy kingdom come," till earth no more Groan 'neath thy image slain; Alone the heaven-descending shower Bedew each battle-plain.

Come, till no slave in anguish bend, But free of soul and limb, Thy children of all hues shall blend In one adoring hymn.

Come, till the heathen rage no more, Till, Superstition gone, Folly and Vice shall yield their power To thine Anointed One.

Even till earth's remotest bounds
Repose beneath its ray;
Her monarchs hold their fading crowns
Obedient to thy sway.

## SONNET BY PETRARCH.

(Composed on Good Friday.)

Dazzled, misguided by a creature's beauty,
My days in folly spent, by passion driven,
At length restore the slighted path of duty,
Hear me, oh Father! who abid'st in heaven.
Now to another life, aim higher, better,
Guide my frail footsteps by thy sacred light;
Be vainly laid the snare, be broke the fetter,
The galling chain that presses day and night.
Long years the exulting foe has held in slavery,
(Heavier to him that yields) with cruel mockery;
Recall my wandering thoughts beneath thy sway;
Wretch that I am, with my unworthy pain,
Bid now my earth-bound spirit soar again,
Jesus! remembering thy cross this day.

## A MISSIONARY SCENE.

With fierce defiance in their glance, Armed for destruction they advance,

That heathen warrior band— But pause, as struck with sudden awe, Awhile God's servants calm they saw,

No weapon in their hand.
Stayed is the war-club and the spear,
They gaze as in mysterious fear,
As conscious of that unseen wing,
That was their mighty shadowing.

Unharmed, those messengers proclaim
The wonders of Emanuel's name,
The Gentile's glorious light,
Amid those coral isles afar,
Where beams from "Bethlehem's Morning Star"
Are chasing Pagan night.

When more the warring world shall see
Thy followers' faith, oh Lord, in thee,
Their adamantine shield,—
Will haste the time thy prophet's word
Foretold, to sheath the avenging sword,
To earth her Sabbath yield.

## LINES

Suggested by a Parting Scene, between Two Ministers of different Denominations, among the Alps, near Geneva, a few years since.\*

WHERE awhile the "Holy Dove,"
With o'erspreading wings might brood,
Earnest of the world above,
Sacred from the multitude
Of earth's thronging cares and din,
'Midst the mountain solitude.

Stranger travellers these had met,
Nor one country did they claim;
But upon each heart was set
'The Redeemer's hallowed name:
One in worship, though their rites were not the same.

\* M. D'Aubigné and J. Hodgkin,

Ere they parted, for his friend
Did one Christian brother pray,
"That God's presence might attend
All along his pilgrim way,
Giving comfort, strength, to work the appointed day."

Scene like this far more engaging
To the scorner's heart and eye,
Than the ceaseless warfare waging
Doubtful points in rivalry,
Minor questions, dimming faith and charity.

Champions of the Saviour's cross,
These again on earth may greet;
More blessed, freed from every dross,
When in Zion they shall meet—
All crowns laying low at the Redeemer's feet.

There, where at the open portal,
The "sectarian hue" aside
Casts each ransomed bright immortal,
For the vesture of the "bride"—
(As hath well been said) the "white robe"
Given to all the sanctified.

## THE ACCUSING CRY.

On the four winds there came a cry, Vile Demon of the cup and bowl! That charged on thee the misery Of many a stricken, wounded soul.

It came upon the ocean's surge,
From crime-stained exiles, old and young;
The bitter plaint, the mournful dirge,
From the sick heart in anguish wrung.

And from the prisoner's grate it came—
"Tis thou hast plunged me in despair;
In Sabbath school I learnt His name,
And sang His praise, my Saviour's, there."

A wail from children rose to heaven, Trained by thy votaries in sin; A wail from outcast women, driven, At first by thee, shame's bread to win.

A wailing from the death-doomed cell—
"Twas thou that nerved'st me for the deed,
Meet agent of the powers of hell,
The murderous thought within to speed."

A wailing from the gallows tree—
"First thought to form those deeds of shame,
It was my infant's misery
That bore a drunken father's name."

And, blending from the shades beneath,
An answering wail of woe was given
From spirits in eternal death,
Who lost, through love of thee, a heaven.

# LAST INTERVIEW OF J. J. GURNEY WITH WILLIAM WILBERFORCE,

A SHORT TIME BEFORE THE DEATH OF THE LATTER.

He spake of God's sure peace—all care outspreading To Him in prayer; awhile the Holy Dove, As from His radiant wings, o'er each was shedding A stream of love and light from worlds above. And blessings of the captive and the stricken, Like balmy zephyrs, fanned the pallid brow Of him, whose path was "holiness" to heaven—Still, mercy undeserved, his refuge now.

While from his pilgrim brother's touched lips flow Strains of that city of the saints in light, Her open portal seen from Pisgah's height—Himself, while scarcely past his noontide glow, Entered, where nought divides the adoring band, The host of the redeemed from every land.

# THOUGHTS IN BURNHAM CHURCHYARD, SOMERSET.

It is the closing of a summer day, Still on the beach the merry children play; The sun is pouring, ere he sinks to rest, A flood of glory o'er the ocean's breast; And scarcely does the passing zephyr wave These wild flowers, "shedding beauty" o'er the grave. Here, where is heard the water's roar and moan. Wetting with briny drops each funeral stone, Where the wild sea-wave, on a stormy day, Dashes this hoary tower and turf with spray, As it would water with its treacherous tear Some of his victims, 'mid the slumberers here. From yonder lighthouse, glimmering from afar, At hour of sunset, comes the guiding star; While fancy wanders to the distant day, When one, whose sire that hour expiring lay, Failed to enkindle the accustomed ray: And nearer beams the one whose radiance bore A hapless vessel on the fatal shore— When, 'midst the victims on that night of fear, A cherished wife and mother perished here;\*

This refers to the wreck of a vessel off the Burnham Strand, on the night of the 30th December, 1781, in which perished, among others, Edith Lovell and Joseph Sparrow, members of the Society of Friends.

Parted in death from him, who scorned to save Himself, and leave her to the whelming wave; That noble youth who perished by her side, For whom was waiting a betrothed bride.

Some deem long tossing on her billowy bier,
At length the untiring waters bore her near;
And that (though record or memorial stone
Be none) that mother slumbers here alone.
It matters not—He knows His handmaid's clay,
He in whose service closed her earthly day—
Whether her lifeless form the surges bore
From human ken, to be beheld no more,
Or even here the angel-watchers wave
Their noiseless pinions o'er her unknown grave.
Omnipotence alone can raise our dust,
When earth and sea-wave shall resign their trust;
Alike the minglers with the earthy clod,
Or weeds of ocean wait thy word. O God.

# "BLESSED ART THOU AMONG WOMEN." Luke i. 28.

DAUGHTER of the chosen nation, Heritor of Abraham's faith; Not by human comprehension, But because the "Almighty saith." Thou believedst—shall we give thee Honour less than God has given, When His Gabriel stood before thee, Missioned from His court in heaven?

When, inspired with holy rapture, Love, and wonder at thy voice, Did the future herald's mother, With her unborn child, rejoice?

But we would not, dare not, offer Our petitions at thy shrine; Nor to thee our offerings proffer, As we needed grace of thine.

Thou wouldst not, nor dare we give thee, Blessèd saint "before the throne," Ought of mediatorial glory, The Redeemer's right alone.

One anointed Mediator,
Fitted for our need is given;
Ever pleading for the sinner,
Upon God's right hand in heaven.

Ever living, ever willing,
Whom the Father "alway hears,"
For His creatures mourning, sinning,
To receive their prayers, their tears.

We know not thy exultation,
While His reign, thy Lord and Son,
Onward, onward to completion,
Through the nations travels on.

We know not thy heights of rapture, Yet we view thee but with them, Each adoring, ransomed creature, Casting down thy diadem, At His ion, on, our Resistance

Vide we less my accounts still.

\*Tour my mentioned sources montes.

Vide more nome my Father's will.

### AT HELL THE TAX THE PARTY.

West I vien his commonds he shows Last from missing gains he via. Should see him me there from he work The himsing and vin good it him. Whene would he harvest sinds around. The early via from and fireces be around.

But if where immen want or wee
White our thereing would be found.
If each gave what he might become.
How rich the blessing would abound?
Even though as widow's mire so small.
From scancy store an offering given.
From heart or hand, the whole would fall
As showers of blessings free from heaven.

# THE TRANSPLANTED FIR-TREK.

LITTLE, drooping fir, transplanted,
From thy native hill-side, here,
Every rain-drop pendant on thee
Fancy pictures as a tear,—
For those verdant fields beneath thee,
For the yellow, rustling corn,
For the hills that rose around thee,
For the balmy breath of morn.

which was an exile the mourner which be shown the mourner with behild no more.

The was above thee,

The was above the was above thee,

The was above the was above

Though these mists his beams may pale.

And the Christian traveller, weary,
Sees through clouds his heavenly Sun,
Things of earth His glory hiding,—
Still he knows He is abiding,
And awaits His unveiled shining,
His eternal home begun.

## THE DAUPHIN,

(COMMONLY CALLED LOUIS XVII.)

GENTLE child, whose bitter story, Strange, amid earth's varied woe, Pity wakens, indignation, While a human heart shall glow! Heir of kings, Theresa's grandchild Sang "Te Deum" at his birth,— Child at whose baptismal fountain Stood the loftiest priests of earth

Royal parents' choicest treasure, Nurtured amid all things fair; Worse than kennel'd brutes thy tending, In that noisome chamber there.

Slain, without the name of murder, Crushed, in heart, in mind, in limb; Very fiends might learn a lesson From the grace bestowed on him.

Blessings on those men of mercy,
Who, though now too late to save,
Prayed with him, and smoothed the passage
From the prison to the grave.

Till the latest tear that glistened In his faded eye was gone; Till he did not "suffer always," Till he was no more "alone."

Did he hear again that music, Vocal only to his ear, When he turned intent to whisper, When his keeper bent to hear?

On what fell that earnest gazing?
What the words he would have spoke,
When the "silver cord was loosed,"
And the "golden bowl was broke?"

Little, uncrowned king, no splendour Of an earthly throne for him; Glittering gauds of worldly glory Made the eternal morning dim. Laid within a stoneless dwelling,
That poor dust will hear the sound
Of the final trumpet swelling,
As in royal marble bound;
Thou wilt hear it, though none view
Thy low grave—the oppressor, too!

#### A COTTAGE SKETCH.

And now has passed away full many a year Since from a court, my chamber-window near, Oft did I hear ascend the voice of prayer. In the hushed city, when the night was still, Or sound of revelry the street might fill, I've heard from that low room those accents rise, Lifting the earth-bound feelings to the skies. In decent poverty, his calling plied, There did mechanic, old and poor, abide; Who, though a proffered alms he would not spurn, Was better pleased his frugal bread to earn. But o'er that pious soul, for many a year, A cloud had shadowed, cloud of doubt and fear.— Lest he (by inward tempest tossed and driven) Should prove an outcast from his long-sought heaven. But still he prayed, prayed ever and anon, And amid darkness still his feet moved on, Till, on a day, returned from house of prayer, And kneeling in his little chamber there, A light of hope and holy joy arose, Instant delivered from his mental foes. He cried (while flowed apace the grateful tears), "Soon I depart; my Lord, my Lord appears!" And thus it proved; for yet two passing days, And his unwearied prayer was changed to praise.

As aged Simeon spoke his heart's delight, When his incarnate Saviour met his sight, So (clearly visioned to his eye of faith) This long-tried servant smiled, and welcomed death.

# AN INDIAN WARRIOR AT THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

ALONE upon the heights he stood,
Beholding first Niagara's flood,
An Indian warrior wild;
That "crystal sheet," between earth and sky,
Those waters that rush unceasingly
Through the rift toward their ocean home.
He looked to the awful depth beneath,
To the cloud of spray with its rainbow wreath,
To the roaring bed of foam;—
Calmed as a little child,
Ceased his loud war-whoop through the air,
To the Great Spirit rose his prayer.

"Son of the forest!" thou could'st own A God, in His creation shown, Shaming the atheist's word; Shall not the *Christian* bow the knee, His Father's works adoring see, Of grace and nature, Lord?

## THE FADING "HUMAN FLOWER."

Nor upon the scene before her Rests that sad and earnest gaze; Onward, onward, where we see not, Piercing through the shadowy haze, Does a vista rise before her, Of an opening grave?—or bloom To her eyes the summer daisies, Spangling her early tomb?

Or arises holier vision
Of a cross, a riven grave?—
His, who burst death's bands asunder,
A Redeemer, strong to save?

Shadowy valley, do thy terrors
Spread their shades before her view?
Lists she voices of the parted
Tell of grace that bore them through?

Does the cold and "bridgeless river"
Mournfully before her glide?—
Some faint radiance from the "City,"
Views she, on the other side?

Round her flowers of spring are blooming, Songsters carol merrily; Earth is wakening into beauty, While she withers day by day.

Sad the thought to human feeling, Gazing on that silken hair, That fair form, that brow of beauty,— Soon the worm will revel there!

Death! through sin, thy soythe has entered, Reaping treasures for the tomb: Second Adam! Risen Saviour! Thou hast sanctified its gloom.

#### STANZAS,

Written after Reading the Life of Hedley Vicars.

Entered that world of perfect light,
Where we shall know as we are know

Where we shall know as we are known;

Before again the mortal fight

Had added to "creation's groan."
Soldier and Christian! while we feel

Soldier and Christian! while we feel
The shining path that thou hast trod,

Rebukes our coldness, want of zeal,

In love to man, in faith toward God.

Thou who beside the sufferer's bed

Wert wont to tend, to pour the prayer,

Till heavenly hope a light has shed Upon the pillow of despair.

Alas! we feel how mournfully

(Beneath the beams of Bethlehem's star)

Came from the lips of one like thee

The death-cry and the shout of war.

When gazing on the vales beneath,

The snow-capped mountain heights that bound,

While nature did her incense breathe,

And hushed was every hostile sound,

Well might'st thou crave the promised hour,

When slaughter should no more defile,

Nor sin that fair creation mar,

Rejoicing in her Maker's smile.\*

"Even so, hasten, holy Lord!"
Responds the Christian's heart, "those days;"

No trumpet call, no clashing sword,

Break harshly on the song of praise;

Perish no more on fields of strife

Servants of Him who came to save,

Opened the gate of endless life,

And sanctified His children's grave.

<sup>\*</sup> See the Journal.

#### "THE SHADOW OF A GREAT ROCK."

MIGHTY Rock! beneath whose shadow
Weary ones in safety lie;
When the tempest clouds are gathering,
Darkness overspreads the sky,
When the wild blast of the desert
Sweeps in its destruction by.

"Rock of strength," on whom that buildeth,
Though thereon his frailty lay,
As the wood, the hay, the stubble,
That the fire shall sweep away,
His foundation
Stands, and never can decay.

Rock whence springs the living water,
Gladdening the thirsty ground,
Type, when 'mid Arabia's desert,
Streams were flowing all around,
At the means by God appointed,
Smote by Moses' mystic rod;
At the prayer of faith outpoured
On the heritage of God.

## THE LITTLE ORPHAN'S HYMN,

Suggested by the Sight of some of them Singing in a Hay-field at Ashley, near Bristol.

Upon this pleasant day in summer,
Warmed by thy radiant sun in heaven,
Our hearts would praise thee, oh our Father,
For blessings to our childhood given.

,Τ

For these green meadows, where our feet stray; For all earth's beauties, round us spread; While, tired with gambols, 'midst the new hay, We rest upon its soft sweet bed.

We bless thee for the thoughts of mercy, By thee unto thy servant given; Thou, who didst see our orphan misery, And pitied from thy throne in heaven.

We might have roamed in noisome alley, Have lived 'mid scenes of sin and shame, Our Father, where we had forgot thee, Or learnt but to blaspheme thy name.

Here we rejoice, with warblers singing; We sport amid the bees and flowers; While nature is her incense bringing, Receive it from these hearts of ours.

But chiefly, Father, do we ask thee,
That He who bade the children come,
May our Redeemer, Pattern, Friend, be;
And Guide to our eternal home.

## ACCOUNT OF A LITTLE GIRL.

Sick upon her dying bed,
Little Tilly laid her head;
But a few days past she played,
Or with young companions strayed
Through the pleasant flowery glade.
Now 'twas not to leave the earth,
With its autumn beauty crowned,
Nor the home that gave her birth,
To lie cold beneath the ground,

That so much did Tilly grieve, Though it might seem sad to leave; But because she had been taught, By her Bible good and true, That God knows our every thought, Sees each secret thing we do; And she felt that, unforgiven, She could never go to heaven. "One thing more than all beside, Grieves me, mother," Tilly cried, "When I bought that pretty book, From your till the price I took; None beheld me but God's eye,-O, I am afraid to die." But the little penitent With her sins to Jesus went. He who bade the children come. When He left His glorious home, On His own earth walked unknown, Came to suffer and atone. Even for each little one: And He gave His pardoning love To her spirit, from above: Made her fears and sorrows cease, Filled her heart with heavenly peace. On the morn her spirit fled, Tilly to her mother said,— "Blessed vision did I see; Two sweet angels looked on me, And I knew their faces, mother,— 'Twas the baby and my brother; But all David's wounds were gone; Oh! how beautiful they shone." But 'twas only that young eye, Strengthening for eternity.

While it dimmed to all things here,
Saw each shining messenger.
Short, and shorter grew her breath;
Soon her eyes were sealed in death;
To its happy kindred dead,
Joyfully her spirit fled,
Where no blight comes on the flower,
Where there shall be death no more,
And where many a little one
Hovers round the eternal throne,
Singing songs that angels sing
To their Saviour and their King.

#### OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

"Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name."

"Our Father! hallowed be thy name;"
To thee be worship given;
Awhile we urge our filial claim,
"Father, who art in heaven,"

Searcher of hearts, thou knowest alone When only words are poured, Or when they rise before thy throne In "truth," in "spirit," Lord.

Whether in mutual songs they blend, As with thy choir above; Or from the secret room ascend To thee in filial love.

The cry in us, Eternal Son, Of "Abba, Father," raise; Affiance upon earth begun, To endure till endless days.

#### PORMS.

#### THOUGHTS ON A SPRING MORNING.

Systems on the merry children, Sporting in the vernal breeze; Sunshine on that little garden, With its flowering current trees.

On its primroses and snowdrops,
On its ivy-covered wall,
On the house, its door and windows,
Smilingly the sunbeams fall.

But within that blinded casement, One, cut down in early bloom, Silent lies within his coffin, Waiting for the closing tomb.

Flowers he loved are scattered o'er him,— Kindred hands the offering gave; Flowers—that nosegay graced a bridal, These, have blossomed for a grave.

Weeping sisters, heart-struck mother, Brother! following in decay, Still He lives, who wept o'er Lazarus, Mourners' tears to wipe away.

Risen Saviour! "Man of Sorrows"
Was the name thou bor'st below,
Thou, who took'st our suffering nature,
Feelest yet thy brethren's woe.

"First-fruits" of the resurrection!
While our slumberers lie as grain,
O'er their graves of buried love watch,
Till in power they rise again.

### TILLIE SIETVE

That chi isra-lambe, il smore inche a lill : Before it, through does navmes, firwed a rill Of clear sweet water: at this purious brook The village maidens of their readers took. Around the house, its garden with sweet flowers Was nicily stocked and regetable states. Fast by, the cremari, and the farmward stood, In varied produce rish, and many a feathery broad. Towards this spot and this incites my song On Sabieth afternoon a rural throng, In years gine by, were wont to more along; Passing through cornfield and through meadows green. Where primrose-covered bank in spring is seen, By honeysuckled hedge, with wild-brier rose, Where violet meek, and stately foxglove grows: For then the busy couple dwelling there, The ample kitchen spread with pious care, For worshippers made then a house of prayer. The great oak table moved, to yield its place To stool with desk for holy book to grace, For one who with simplicity benign Would spread the treasures of its truth divine, And, whate'er else he lacked, the aim, the end Was still to tell of Him, the helpless sinner's Friend. Now he (whose house, prepared with right good will, On Sabbath days its owner thus would fill) Among the "scorners" once was found his "seat," Nor God he served, nor would His people meet; But when the pestilence, now many a year Bygone, its "walk of darkness" took e'en here, And some he knew, who dwelt his home hard by, Stricken as in a moment bowed to die: Struck with remorse for all his evil ways. Of him it might be said, "Behold he prays,"

Nor transient was the change, a child of "light" He walked, in God's commandments found delight. And being "much forgiven," so "much he loved;" And thus his grateful heart its zeal devoted proved. There in the summer day, through open door, The sweet air breathed; a jug, with many a flower, Stood in the window; over mantel placed, Bright brass and copper, pewter platters graced. The cows were early milked, that all might share In simple rites of worship passing there. Shut up the live-stock near, though now and then Perchance would enter in rebellious hen. Breaking o'er fence that bound her to the pen. In winter, blazed in ample grate the fire; The chimney corner aged men desire, And near, on chairs, the ancient granddames sate, In aprons clean, with mien and look sedate. But now and then, with drowsiness bested, Unconsciously would nod a hoary head; Then, roused by neighbour's elbow, start in maze, Cast for a moment round bewildered gaze, Then their old potent friend, the snuff-box, ply, And 'gainst intrusive foe again the warfare try. Babes took in peace their mother's nurture there; There, too, sat swain and rustic maiden fair. At Christmas, boughs of holly glittered bright, (The branch of mistletoe was moved from sight.) For sacred to devotion was this hour Of Sabbath calm:—of other worlds the power Was felt, as o'er the softened heart would come Thoughts of another and a holier home.

#### THE HARVEST IN BRITTANY.

On the wide plains of Brittany,
The ripened harvest smiled;
The setting sun shed a golden ray
As the first rich load was piled:
'Mid the sheaves two laughing children lay,
As it passed with a banner spread,
And with songs and with bells tinkling merrily,
To the farmer's home it sped.

But, anon, ere the crops could in safety be laid,
Threat'ning clouds gave a token of rain,
When a neighbour came forward and offered his aid
In the gathering in of the grain.
"Right welcome, good father! but how can this be,
(To the peasant the farmer cried,)
I thought I had made you my enemy?"—
When thus the old man replied:—

"Was not my Saviour outraged worse
Than ever hath happened to me?
And if He forgave His murderers,
Shall I revengeful be?
And shall Heaven's gracious harvest spoil,
And the poor be robbed of bread,
That we spend the time in feuds the while?
God forbid!" the old man said.

A lesson, we deem, of instructive worth,
To Christians his words may be;
And of gathering souls, on the field of earth,
It might prove a simile;
With that field so great, and the labourers few,
Should the time be spent in strife
Upon doubtful questions or dogmas new,
That should gather a harvest to life?

But rather, resembling the glorious bow,
In the heavens above us spread,
With harmony blending each varied hue
In one arch of beauty shed:
'Mid the clouds that o'ershadow the wilderness,
In this vale of the falling tear,
Lit up by the "Sun of Righteousness,"
Should the Saviour's church appear;
As a vision blessed, as an emblem given,
Of His spotless bride in the courts of heaven.

#### THE LONELY INFANT'S GRAVE.

'Twas the evening hour, and the setting sun Did an infant's grass mound gild; 'Twas the hour of "Sabbath calm," and the dun Of the multitude was stilled.

And methought it was morn in the far, far home Of the parents who gave it birth, And that dust of its kindred would never come To share in its bed of earth.

But well my heart told me, wherever their lot, With their bright-eyed living band, That one little slumberer would not be forgot, Left alone in their "fatherland."

But 'mid tropic flowers, or where coral shore Is washed by the southern wave, That swift will the thought of affection pass o'er To this little English grave.

And they will remember, wherever they roam,
That one lamb, "untasked, untried,"
Is awaiting them in the changeless home
Of the saved and sanctified.

#### VERSES

Occasioned by the Death of a Little Boy, who, with his Father and Infant Sister, died on their Passage to America, 1848.

Nor to a grassy rest,
First-born and loved one, was thy form conveyed;
But where the untiring billows heave thy breast,
'Mid weeds of ocean laid.

Oh! called in early childhood, thou didst love
Thy Saviour's name—blest ere its bloom was o'er;
Summoned to worship in His courts above,
Where none are weary—to go out no more.

To sing that anthem, "Let Thy will be done,"
Thou taught'st thy mother in those suffering days,
With little ones that hover round the throne,
From whose "touched lips" hath God perfected praise.

Joined, too, by him whose loving arms enfolded His dying child, so soon to follow thee; And her whose infant wings were first unfolded To gain the portals of eternity.

Though the wild waters be their mortal pillow,
Those who repose in Jesus sleep as sweet
As if bent o'er each quiet grave the willow,
And spring's first violets blossomed at their feet.

# THE DEATH OF A YOUNG WOMAN IN HUMBLE LIFE.

O'ER the hushed and slumbering city Rests the darkness of the night; What is passing in you chamber, Where there shows that glimmering light? Through the valley one is walking Calmly to the promised home; Listen! listen, faithful watcher, For the hallowed words that come.

She had plied those wasted fingers
To procure the daily bread;
Scarcely might their toil be ended
Even on that dying bed.

But 'tis over, conflict, labour, Ere the evening hour, to her; Glad she answers to the summons Of the angel-messenger.

Whispered prayer and hymn-notes breathing
Through the watches of the night—
"Yes, the vale of death is dreary,
But my Saviour gives me light.

"Other refuge have I none!"
(As to her Redeemer spoke);
"Other refuge have I none!"
Yet again these accents broke.

Then, as from the waves of Jordan,
"Glory be to Thee!" she cried;
"Glory, glory," ransomed voices
Answer from the other side.

#### VILLAGE SKETCH.

Now from that weedland vale, whose quiet shade Almost a Paradise might seem below, Comes, on the zephyrs of this summer day, A wail of childhood's grief, of manhood's woe. Where all around is beauty, death has cast
His withering eye on one in matron bloom;
Summoned, as in a moment, she has passed
The mystic portal to the eternal home.

While yet her hands the daily bread preparing, Death's shadowy pall upon her features fell; No time for last embraces, nor for him, The husband of her youth, one sad farewell.

Sleep on, sweet cherub! Deeper sleep is lying On her thy waking cry will rouse no more; No voice, not e'en her children's wail, awakes her, Till the last trumpet shall its thunders pour.

The sun upon the golden corn is shining,
The birds among the branches still sing on,
The cattle 'mid these ferny slopes are grazing,
The wife and mother is for ever gone.

Within that cottage room, so lately seen
The little one disporting on her knee,
Clothed in the vesture of the grave she lies,
The closing tomb awaiting silently.

One, too, beside her then, life's road just treading, Amid the mantle of whose golden hair The sunbeams played, that voice is hushed in morning, That might have warned of many a dangerous snare.

And, gentle girl! first o'er thy 'parted mother
To bend, where all alone in death she lay;
Methinks what those young eyes have been beholding,
From the heart's tablet cannot fade away.

Ah, did the Psalmist's words, her life's last evening, When to the aged one she read the prayer,—
"To be made white as snow, from all sin purgèd,"
Find in ker soul responsive echo there?

Thus who does mark the sparrow's fall—our Father!
The secret cry, unheard by mortal ear,
The secret cry, unheard cry, unheard by mortal ear,
The secret cry, unheard cry, unhe

# NO DISSENSIONS AMONG CHRISTIAN PROFESSORS.

TRAVELLERS on the King's high-road Towards the city of your God, Most unseemly is your strife, Candidates for endless life: Think, while thus in strife you burn, Satan triumphs, angels mourn. Though you see not eye to eye. Through our human frailty, Is it meet to hurl the dart That may wound a brother's heart? Though in all things not the same,— One in Jesus—one in aim— At one Saviour's footstool bending, Towards one home your footsteps tending, Travellers through a wilderness, Rather should you soothe and bless, And with mutual songs of praise Cheer each other's pilgrim days. Compassed with such potent foes, Surely should our arms oppose, With the world, with Satan's power, With the flesh, from hour to hour. Bending from their home on high, Tears might dim an angel's eve. To behold the heirs of heaven. Those for whom Christ's blood was given, Their companions soon to be,
'Mid the white-robed company;
Soon to sing one song of praise,
Through heaven's everlasting days.
Circling this fallen world to bless,
Softening human wretchedness,
'Mid the clouds a light benign,
Should the church of Jesus shine.

#### LINES

Written after an Interview with MARY WRIGHT, of Leeds, a little before her 103rd Birthday, in 1858.

"Come unto Jesus! come!"

His aged handmaid cried with zeal and power;

While near the promised home,

She waits in "Beulah's land" the appointed hour.

"Come from the mountains cold,"
From fruitless toil, from speculations dim;
"Come to the sheltering fold,"
Where they repose who find a rest in Him.

"'Tis a sweet yoke," she cried;
And she had proved it on her pilgrim-road,
By mount, by ocean tide,
Passing beneath the shadow of her God.

Earth's glowing sun no more, Nor her fair landscapes will those dim eyes light; But clear the eternal shore Rises in vision to her mental sight.

Where the Good Shepherd leads His flock beside the river of His love, Himself His people feeds, Where His own presence makes their light above. Oh, blessèd faith is thine! Holding in child-like trust Christ's garment still, Till perfect day shall shine To thy awakening eyes on Zion's hill.

Yes, blessèd faith is thine, That bows adoring where it cannot know, To mysteries Divine, And cries, "My Father! be it even so."

#### HOSPITAL SCENE

AT MIRANDO DO CERVA, IN PORTUGAL.

DARK and stormy was the evening,
Veiled in mist the setting sun,
As if nature's face were saddening
O'er the work of carnage done
On God's image,
Father, husband, friend, or son.

Death his court held silently
In that awful chamber, where
Moans and sighs and blasphemy
Late had filled the startled air,
From the wounded,
Suffering earth's last anguish there.

Bearing traces of the burning
Pains and thoughts that had been there,
Were their ghastly features turning;
Some were heavenward, as in prayer
Their unsealed eyes,
Our Redeemer! as to Thee, in their despair.

"his account was extracted from the journal of a British officer, and lished in the *Herald of Peace* for February, 1819. A poem on the ject by the writer, in a different form, appeared many years ago.

"By these clenched, stained fingers pressed,
(He exclaimed who saw the sight,)
Ever was a mother's breast?
Had these tranquil beds at night?"
Yes, and loved ones,
Never more their eyes to light.

Wait not, children, ye will never Climb again these stiffened knees; Widow! cease thy vigils; mother! Start not,—'twas alone the breeze That thou heardest, Sighing 'midst thy cottage trees.

There, his raiment torn and streaming,
Did a giant veteran lie;
Quailed the gazer, in the seeming
Fixed on him the sightless eye,—
One remembered, fiercely valiant,
When the battle-storm swept by.

Thought of fearful meaning, starting
O'er that soldier's musings stole,—
"Where, from these rent forms departing,
Passed each never-dying soul?"
Living, living,
When the stars have ceased to roll.

One, a fair-haired boy, was lying
Like a flower mown down he lay,
And his mother's words, in dying,
Fastly clasped his hand of clay:
Did she wait him?
Hoping, trembling, wait and pray.

Haply, pledge of her affection
Twined his neck a chain of hair;
And suspended, vain protection!
Was the Virgin's image fair.
Well that mother
Looked not on his death-couch there.

And amid those corses gory,
One sad woman bowed her head;
Haply love, or stained or holy,
Her unhappy feet had led,
O'er one yearning
Till her life's last spark had fled.

'Midst the chamber's motley gloom
(Traced in blood, sin, blasphemy),
Jewel, in that unclosed tomb,
There the holy Bible lay;
Strangely mingling
With that terrible array.

Thousands, thousands, led to slaughter, Summoned at a mortal's word; Life-blood, that has flowed like water, Even by the Christian's sword, Has cried vengeance, From thy crimsoned earth, O Lord!

# DESCRIPTION OF A STORM.

From the French of St. Lambert.

The hapless people gaze with fearful eye
Upon their pastures, that in fruitage lie;
Trembling, each sorrowful presage they see,
The rook's loud "caws" proclaim the storm to be;

The affrighted sheep the hamlet seek to gain;
The bull, in sullen fury, on the plain,
With heaving breast is looking toward the sky,
Seeming, with bellowings loud, to call the tempest nigh.

And now from either side, from here, from there, The clouds are rising 'mid the lurid air, They mount, they thicken, spread themselves around, While distant thunder gives a rumbling sound; The waves are moved, and quivering is the air, Along the valley leaves are trembling there; The hills prolong the mournful murmuring sound, Whose low, dull tone has saddened nature round.

And now o'er all a fearful calm has come,
As earth, in terror, waits approaching doom;
Mountains and rocks, that stretch all widely there,
'Neath sudden veil of grey they disappear;
These with its spreading sides the cloud has hidden,
Resting amid the still and burning heaven:
But fiery arrows pierce it; growling deep,
The thunderbolt along the space doth sweep;
It darts, redoubles, glitters in the air;
The night yet deepens, but with dreadful glare
The lightning flashes, with their blinding ray,
Make, ever and anon, a pale and livid day.

Now from recumbent darkness sudden air Sweeps o'er the plain, grazes the furrows there, Raising of sable sand a whirlwind strong, That deepens still the gloom the sombre ways among. Alas! and from the glowing heavens, with crash, Upon the bending corn the hailstones dash. The thunder and the winds the cloud pierce through: The husbandman, amazed, his fields doth view, And presses in his arms his trembling babes anew.

The holt descends, and from the stricken nonbeneand with upmar load the gravelly rills. Now all the fertile plain with desolution file. The crops, the harvest—all are swept away; The labour of the year has perished in a day!

# "THE POOR YE HAVE ALWAYS WITH YOU."

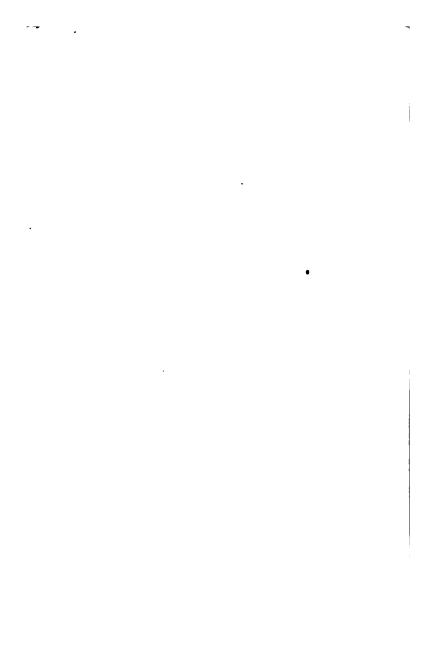
Sour and body's gracious Helper, Though in mortal form no more Jesus walks amid the stricken, Healing by the word of power;

Sacred charge is He bequeathing, To His followers still below, To alleviate (ever near them) Human want and human woe.

Not as meed of merit claiming, That these benefits be given, But returned, as grateful offerings, Of those gifts received from heaven.

Star of Jesus! whose blest influence Spreads our human ills to cure, Oh! how welcome thy arising For the afflicted and the poor.

Still the gracious message breathing, In the strain that first began, Floating o'er the vale of Bethlehem,— "Peace on earth, good will to man."



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